FEAR
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ADVENTURE INTO FEAR WITH
THE MAN CALLED MORBIUS™
THE LIVING VAMPIRE
CHAOS IN A WORLD BORN OF NIGHTMARE!
YOU MAY DEFEAT HELLEYES, MORBIUS--
--BUT YOU WON'T LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO TAKE ME!
DEATH HAS A THOUSAND EYES!

Once Michael Morbius was a world-renowned bio-chemist, dying of an unknown blood disease—and desperately searching for a CURE. He found that cure—but, in turn, it afflicted him with a CURSE far worse than any possible disease; the curse of the blood-sucking night-beast; the curse of... THE *LIVING VAMPIRE!*

Stan Lee PRESENTS: THE MAN CALLED MORBIUS!™

BILL MANTLO STORY / DON HECK ART / B. McLEOD INKS / KAREN MANTLO LETTERER / PETRA G. COLORIST / LEN WEIN EDITOR

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AIR!
MICHAEL MORBIUS IS A VAMPIRE...
...BUT HE IS A LIVING VAMPIRE, A SCIENTIFIC ACCIDENT AND NOT A CREATURE OF DEATH...
I DON'T KNOW IF I CHOSE THE RIGHT EYE WHEN I PLUNGED WITHIN THE BEING KNOWN AS HELLEYES--
--BUT IF THIS HELL IS AN EXAMPLE OF THE BEST HE HAD TO OFFER--
--THEN DAMNATION IS A TAME FATE!
...AND LIKE ALL LIFE HE IS CAUGHT IN THE GAME OF SELF-PRESERVATION, DRIVEN BY A WILL TO LIVE...
ARRGH! A REEF!
I'LL BE SMASHED-- TORN ON THE CORAL UNLESS--
...FUNNY THAT THE DRIVE LIVES ON IN ONE WHO WHO HAS WISHED, MORE THAN ONCE, FOR THE FINAL RELEASE OF DEATH.
--HAVE TO TWIST-- LET MYSELF BE CARRIED IN ON THE WAVES--!
RUSHING, ROARING SECONDS LATER...
UNNHH--
--I'M ALIVE!
I MADE IT THROUGH AND I'M ALIVE!
AND LORD HELP ME-- I THIRST!

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

YOU'RE RIGHT, VAMPIRE! I AM SCARED!
I FOLLOWED YOU THROUGH THE BASEMENT DOOR* IN THE OLD MASON MANSION AND THE NEXT THING I KNOW I'M SWIMMING IN AN OCEAN OF BLOOD!
THEN YOU SAW? YOU SAW HIM?
*ER, LAST ISH--LEN.
THE ONLY THING I SAW WAS YOU, PUNCHING AWAY AT AIR!
WHO'S HIM?
HELLEYES!
HE IS CALLED THE LORD OF THIS DOMAIN!
I WAS FOLLOWING MARTINE IN THE CORRIDORS BELOW THE MASON HOUSE, AFTER YOU SHOT ME--
--WHEN SHE DIS-APPEARED THOUGH A DOORWAY, THE SAME DOORWAY I SUSPECT YOU FELL THROUGH--
--AND THERE I FOUGHT THE DRIFTING SOULS AND CONFRONTED HELLEYES!
MISTER, NOT ONLY ARE YOU A VAMPIRE--
--BUT YOU'RE NUTS BESIDES! GET UP, WE'RE GOING--
WHERE? WHERE ARE WE GOING?
WE'RE IN JUST ONE OF A THOUSAND HELLS, STROUD! LOOK AROUND YOU!
DO YOU SEE ANYTHING THAT YOU RECOGNIZE? ANYTHING THAT YOU UNDERSTAND? THIS IS NOT OUR WORLD, STROUD!
I WAS ONCE A SCIENTIST, BUT YOU DON'T HAVE TO KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT SCIENCE TO SEE THAT WE'RE NOT ON EARTH!
THEY TOLD ME AT POLICE HQ THAT THERE WERE NO SUCH THINGS AS VAMPIRES EITHER, MORBIUS!
THERE ARE A LOT OF DEAD PEOPLE BACK IN BOSTON, MASS. TO PROVE THEM LIARS! LET'S GO!

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--AND MAYBE NOT!
HOLSTER THOSE FANGS OF YOURS, MORBIUS--OR I'LL DRILL A HOLE IN YOUR HEAD BIG ENOUGH TO DROP MARBLES THROUGH!
NO!
THAT'S A GOOD LITTLE MONSTER! I WANT TO TAKE YOU IN ALIVE--
--BUT ONE MORE TRICK LIKE THAT AND I COULD BE PERSUADED OTHERWISE!
YOU WIN FOR NOW, STROUD--BUT WE STILL HAVE TO FIND A WAY OUT OF THIS HELL BEFORE YOU CAN HAND ME OVER TO THE POLICE!
THAT'S MY WORRY, VAMPIRE, AND I'LL --EH?
WHAT IN GOD'S NAME ARE THOSE!?!
CRABS, SIMON STROUD. 10-FOOTED OTHER-DIMENSIONAL CRUSTACEANS, AND THEY APPEAR TO BE--
SINGING!?!
YES, STROUD! SINGING CRABS!
WHAT MORE DO YOU NEED TO SHOW YOU THAT WE'RE NOT ON EARTH?
--BECAUSE--
--BECAUSE--
--BECAUSE OF THE WONDERFUL THINGS HE DID!
--BECAUSE--
--THE WONDERFUL HELLEYES OF ID--
--BECAUSE--
WE'RE OFF TO SEE OLD HELLEYES--

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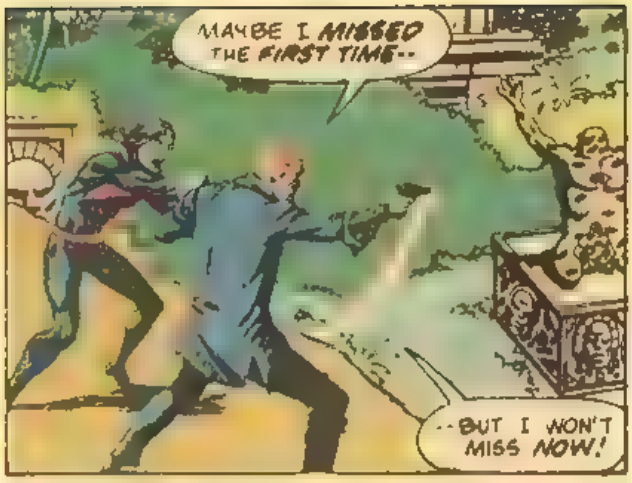
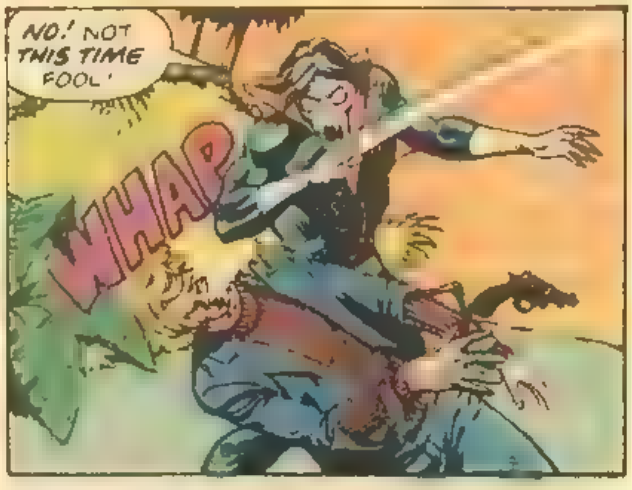
"... THERE WAS THE BIG GUY, COMIN' ON WITH THE VOICE OF DOOM LIKE ON ONE OF THOSE OLD RADIO MYSTERIES...
I AM HELLEYES... LORD OF THIS DOMAIN!
AND I'M PETER RABBIT AND THIS IS ALL HAPPENING BECAUSE OF SOME BAD MEAT SOMEONE PUT IN MY DINNER LAST NIGHT!
FOOL! YOU PERGUE THE ONE KNOWN AS MORBIUS--
--HE IS IN HIS HELL ... AND IT WOULD AMUSE ME TO HAVE YOU SHARE IT WITH HIM--
--AND SO IT SHALL BE!
BLAM! BLAM!
EAT LEAD, BLINKY!
"THE EYE CRACKED LIKE A ROTTEN EGG...
"...AND HELLEYES WENT RIGHT OUT OF MY MIND, ERASED BY...
"... OOZING PUTRESCENCE...
"... AND NEXT THING I KNEW...

"... I WAS MAKING LIKE A MACKEREL IN A SEA OF MANHATTAN CLAM CHOWDER...
ECCH! THIS STUFF TASTES--
OH GOD! IT'S BLOOD!
"...WHEN AN INCOMING WAVE TOSSED ME PAST THE BREAKERS...
GOT TO GET OUT OF THIS STUFF!
SWIM FOR IT, SIMON--SWIM FOR IT!
"...AND UP ONTO THE BEACH WHILE YOU WERE COMING TO!
MORBIUS!
"SO HELLEYES MUST HAVE BLANKED OUT MY MEETING WITH HIM SO THAT NOTHING WOULD STAND IN THE WAY OF MY--"
-- SHOOTING YOU!
YES, STROUD -- I'M YOUR HELL--
--AND YOU ARE FAST BECOMING ONE OF MINE! BOTH OF US PIECES IN HELLEYES' GAME!
AND WHILE WE SPEAK, THE SINGING GROWS FAINTER! WILL YOU FOLLOW OR NOT?
YOU'VE MADE YOUR POINT, LEECH -- I'LL FOLLOW!
STROUD, IF WE MANAGE TO EFFECT AN ESCAPE FROM THIS PLACE--
-- I'M GOING TO REPAY YOU FOR EACH ONE OF YOUR MANY APPELATIVES!

SIMON STROUD SLIPS HIS GUN INTO HIS SHOULDER-HOLSTER...
"...AND HE WONDERS WHETHER HE CAN STILL CLAIM JUSTIFICATION FOR THE WAY HE HAS TORMENTED THE MAN CALLED MORBIUS.
A MAN HE FINDS HIMSELF BEGINING TO RESPECT.
AWWWKKK! HELLEYES!
AGAIN!
WE ARE CLOSE, STROUD--YOU CAN FEEL THE VERY JUNGLE ITSELF MOCKING US!
GREAT--
--SOUNDS MORE LIKE A TRAP THE FARTHER WE GO!
PERHAPS. BUT WHAT CHOICE HAVE WE?
WE COULD HANG OUT HERE AND YELL DIRTY WORDS UNTIL HE COMES TO US!
FOOL! IF HELLEYES IS BAITING US, THEN WE MUST TAKE THE BAIT IF WE ARE EVER TO GET BACK--
LOOK!
GOOD GRIEF!
HELLEYES, STROUD! THAT STATUE IS OF HIM!
THERE IS A LONG MOMENT AS THEIR VOICES BREAK OVER THE ANCIENT RUINS AND WASH BACK TO THEM... AND SILENCE SETTLES AGAIN OVER THE JUNGLE.
TO BE BROKEN ONCE MORE BY A LOW CHUCKLE... AND THEY TURN TO SEE...
THIS IS HIS CITY!

AND A WARM WELCOME TO YOU BOTH!
YOU!
THE MAN HIMSELF!
ALL RIGHT, BUSTER! GET US OUT OF HERE AND HOME OR YOU'RE COLD TURKEY!
A FEW OF THE STARING EYES WINK... AND THE BEING KNOWN AS HELLEYES ANSWERS..
NO!
NO?!?
WHY YOU DIRTY, STINKING--
CRACK!
THE EYES STOP WINKING...
...AND HELLEYES TOPPLES FORWARD..
NO! WE NEED HI--
...DEAD.
I COULDN'T HELP IT! S-SOMETHING MADE ME--
YOU FOOL! YOU'VE DESTROYED OUR ONLY HOPE OF LEAVING THIS PLACE!





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MAIL IT TO MORBIUS

c/o MARVEL COMICS GROUP, 575 MADISON AVE. N.Y.C. 10022

Dear Madmen

About ten minutes ago I finished reading FEAR #27, and the only thing to say is: "What a masterpiece!" Simon Stroud is one of the best things to come out of Marvel since the FANTASTIC FOUR. With work, he could probably become a character similar to Carl Kolchak, in time, you should give him his own series.

Getting back to Morbius, though, the thing that bothers me about the strip is what he has to go through. It seems to me that he is always mourning someone or having withdrawal symptoms. Between the bloodlust and the grief for his victims, I wouldn't be surprised if he turned into a raving psychotic. Now that he has a lab, you should cure him. The same goes for Jack Russell and John Jameson. I have no desire to see men going through living hell.

Finally, in SPIDER-MAN #101, Michael spends the last of his Nobel prize money in order to rent a yacht. How can Martine spend money that Michael doesn't have? What's more, how could she get it? She's not his wife, is she?

John Schutkeker
288 Linwood Ave.
Buffalo, NY 14209

Simon Stroud in his own series?

Well, John, right now he's a regular character in the MAN-WOLF strip, which is just about the next best thing—and we have it on good faith that he'll be playing a more and more important role there in the months to come, cause somehow we've just got the strangest feeling that John Jameson's not gonna find a cure for his lupine affliction—at least, not in the immediate future.

As for the question about Martine; we have a brilliant plan. We'll fall back on a *modus operandi* that we've not used in a goodly long while—we'll award a No-Prize for the best explanation from a bonafide Marvelite-at-large.

So start thinkin', people!

Dear Doug and Frank—

First you, Doug. A super script, as usual, and it always amazes me how you can take corny ideas like werewolves or Kung Fu masters and turn out breathtaking stories which always make me want to buy the next issues

As for the artwork—wow, really bad. Maybe Frank should slow down and start looking at what he draws for a second. Someone once stated that size is relative; well, if this applied to the splash page of FEAR #27, then I estimate that Morbius and the girl were about 4 feet tall The rest of the issue wasn't *that* bad, but Frank puts too much shading in the body of Morbius and it makes him look weird. Also, Morbius looks too much like a monster, and the girls look about two years old, but even so, #27 was great!

Eric Keitz
2425 Williams Bridge Rd.
Bronx, NY 10469

Eric, it always surprises us when, after wading through a letter full of knee-deep criticisms, we come to the last line and find out that the letter writer *liked* the issue. Yours was no different, and we're flattered that despite the nits you picked, you enjoyed FEAR #27—cause that's what we're all about!

Excelsior!

Dear Len, Doug, Frank, and Steve,

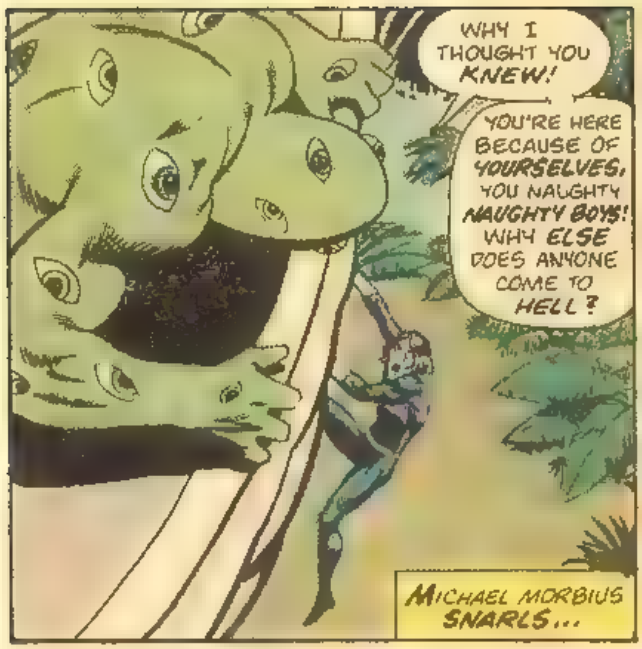
Everyone, all the many artists and several writers, who brought us the "Daemond-Caretakers" serial in ADVENTURES INTO FEAR these past seven issues should stand and take a well deserved bow. Their efforts combined have produced a truly exceptional "Morbius" series that won't be forgotten. And, of course, special recognition goes to Steve Gerber, who wrote and plotted the majority of issues, and Doug Moench and Frank Robbins for providing us with an outstanding finale. It's a true joy to sit back and re-read these issues (as I've done several times), either in preparation for writing a letter, or simply for the enjoyment of becoming absorbed in the proceedings once again

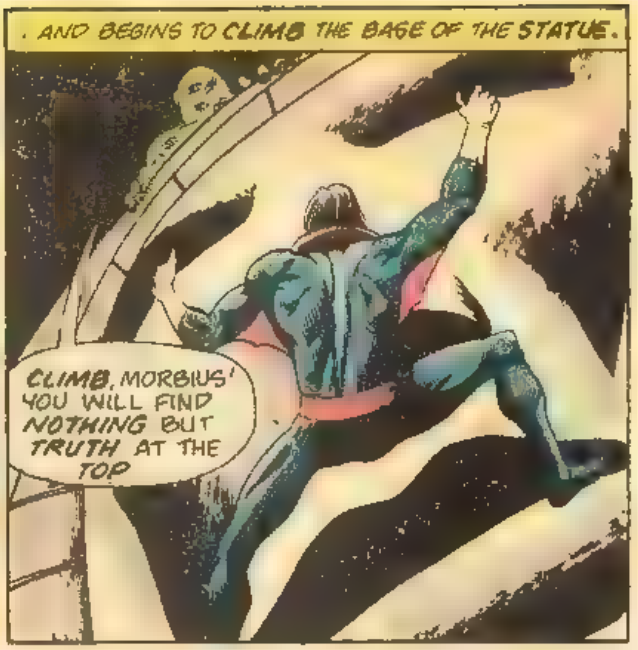
With this serial finished and Morbius supposedly done with Demon-Fire in VAMPIRE TALES, the ol' blood-sucker is starting off on a practically clean fang in both places. I have really enjoyed the semi-science fiction ambience present in this book since Morbius took over, and I'm another fan who's in favor of it remaining a permanent part of things in FEAR.

And maybe we could learn more about the man Michael Morbius was, before his horrible blood disease curse forced him into the life he now leads. Don McGregor dropped a few hints here and there in VAMPIRE TALES about Morbius' home in Europe and his concern with politics and related matters I wonder if Doug could pick up on these brief statements and expand on them?

I haven't much left to say, except to wish Doug Moench the same success on Morbius he's having with everything else he writes.

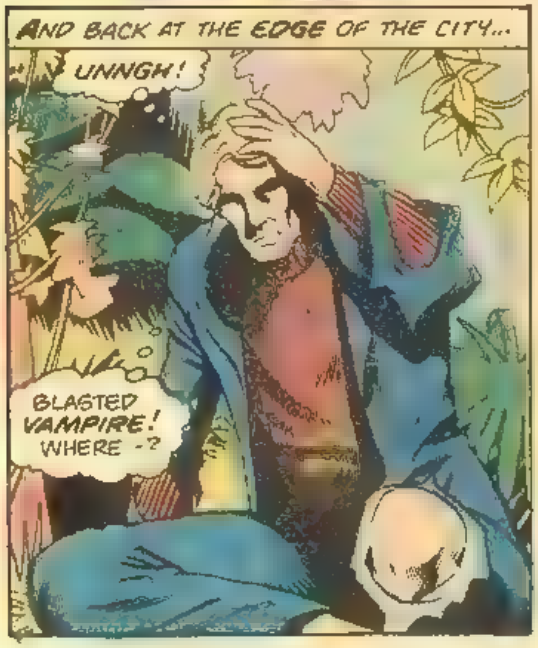
Ralph Macchio
188 Wilson Drive
Cresskill, NJ 07626

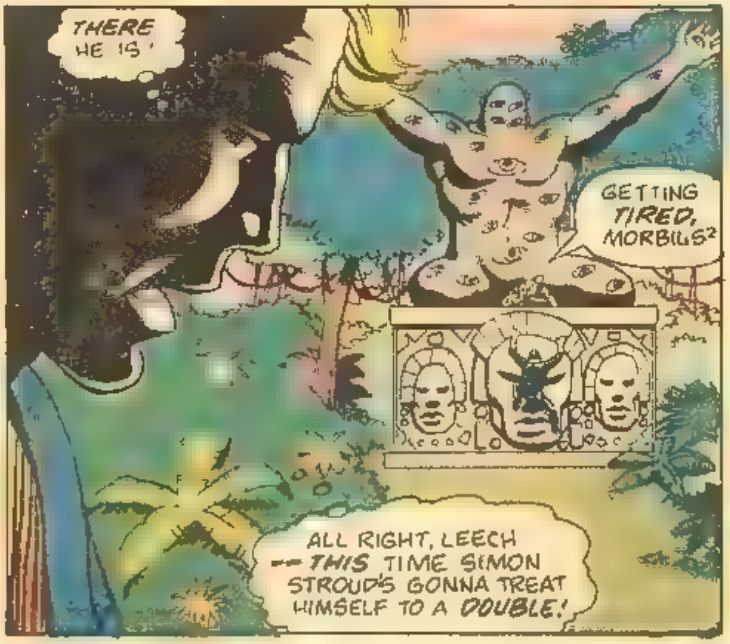

WHY I THOUGHT YOU KNEW!
YOU'RE HERE BECAUSE OF YOURSELVES, YOU NAUGHTY NAUGHTY BOYS! WHY ELSE DOES ANYONE COME TO HELL?
MICHAEL MORBIUS SNARLS...


. AND BEGINS TO CLIMB THE BASE OF THE STATUE.
CLIMB, MORBIUS! YOU WILL FIND NOTHING BUT TRUTH AT THE TOP

YOU ARE NO GOD, HELLEYES -- FOR I STILL BELIEVE THAT HE IS THE ONLY TRUTH--
--AND NEITHER ARE YOU SATAN! YOUR WORDS ARE EMPTY FANTASY!

DAT OL' MAN HELLEYES-- HE AIN'T GOT NUTHIN'--
--HE AIN'T DONE NUTHIN', HE JUST KEEPS ROLLIN' ALONG!
LOOK AT YOURSELF, CREATURE OF LIFE-- AND TELL ME AGAIN ABOUT FANTASY!


AND BACK AT THE EDGE OF THE CITY...
UNNGH!
BLASTED VAMPIRE! WHERE -?


THERE HE IS!
GETTING TIRED, MORBIUS?
ALL RIGHT, LEECH -- THIS TIME SIMON STROUD'S GONNA TREAT HIMSELF TO A DOUBLE!

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...AND HIS STEADY RAIN OF LEAD DISORGANIZES HELLEYES' THINKING LONG ENOUGH FOR YOU TO...
ARRRR!
POW!
BLAM!
BUT HELLEYES IS FAST...
ARE YOU SURE, MORBIUS, THAT HIS BULLETS ARE MEANT FOR ME?
AND NOT YOURSELF?
IT DOESN'T MATTER, CREATURE--
--FOR IF YOU OR MYSELF ARE TO DIE--
WHAM!
--EITHER DEATH WILL SECURE MY RELEASE FROM THIS HELL!
YOU DISAPPOINT ME, MICHAEL MORBIUS--
UNNHHH!
POW!
--BUT I SUPPOSE ONE IN YOUR POSITION WOULD SUCCUMB TO FATALISM!

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AN ENDEARING ENSEMBLE OF EDITORIAL ERRATA FOR YOUR ENJOYMENT, EDIFICATION, AND ENLIGHTENMENT!

STAN LEE'S SOAPBOX

Yep, it's true—there definitely will be a sequel to the ol' best-selling ORIGINS OF MARVEL COMICS! That cheering you hear is from your local book store! And, in answer to the thousands of requests (some guy named Hymie Thousands happened to ask), these are the characters that will be featured in our own inimitable and sometimes incomprehensible style: Iron Man! Daredevil! X-Men! Avengers! Captain America! Sub-Mariner! Human Torch! Sgt. Fury! Plus another unexpected sensation whom we're saving as the surprise of the year! The only problem is, we haven't figured out a title for the book yet. Dunno whether to call it MORE ORIGINS, or SON OF ORIGINS, or what? If you've any suggestions, don't be bashful. And if you haven't bought the original ORIGINS OF MARVEL COMICS yet, better not delay too long. No telling how many sequels will be published, and you won't wanna be the only one in town without a full set! But now it's culture time. Wouldja believe that yours truly set some kinda record recently by speaking at five colleges in as many days! Yep, I've got a hunch that ol' Michigan State U, Augustana, Ferris State, and the University of Wisconsin won't ever be the same, to say nothing of Montreal's George Williams College. The only thing I can't figure out is why, after all this campus-hopping, Spidey hasn't gotten his doctorate yet! Or, in the words of Honest Irv Forbush, "How soon they forget"! And now, I'll leave you with this age-old riddle which has stumped wise men and sages since time immemorial: Who feeds the elephants at Monte Python's flying circus? And while you've guessing, remember—vive la bagatelle!

Excelsior

Stan

ITEM! Hang on to your FOOMbership card, Faithful One, 'cause your blushing Bullpen is about to let you in on the most long-awaited event since Judy Garland took that first fateful step over the rainbow. Almost before you could expect it, your hot-blooded House of Ideas will be unleashing a brand-new, pulse-pounding magazine destined to become one of the biggest and brightest stars in the hit-studded Marvel heavens, our own artful adaptation of one of the greatest children's fantasy series of all time—"THE WIZARD OF OZ"! Everyone here at Mad. Ave. is so proud of our peerless project that we've made sure only the best of the Bullpen will produce it, so plaudits to Rascally ROY THOMAS and Big JOHN BUSCEMA for corralling the most sought-after assignment to come down the pike in ages, thus gaining a chance to prove that brawny, bold barbarians aren't the only wonderment they're more than capable of producing. We can't tell you exactly *when* this Marvel Munchkin Masterwork will be hitting your newsstands, or its size and shape (we don't want the Wicked Witch of the West to find out), but you can bet your ruby slippers that it'll be well worth waiting for! So if you've ever wondered what would happen if the madness of Marvel joined forces with the genius of L. FRANK BAUM, this is your chance to find out! Don't miss it, Marvelite—you know how angry Toto gets!

ITEM! It seems congratulations are in order for the remarkable Mr. Buscema in more ways than one. Not only has he copped the juiciest artistic plum in Marveldom's plum-filled history, but even as we pen these imperishable words, Joltin' John has embarked upon a *new* career—as the head of his very own ART SCHOOL! If you've ever dreamed of learning at the side of one of comicdom's all-time greats, here's your chance! Just keep your eyes glued to our cataclysmic classified ad pages for the next few months to learn all the details, and you may become one of the privileged ones to enroll in John's sensational course! We're counting on Mr. Buscema to start turning out the most talented new artists of all—and *you* could be one of them! 'Nuff Said!

ITEM! While we're on the subject of congratulations, let's hear it for Artful ARCHIE GOODWIN, who's returning to the fold after far too long an absence, to replace Dauntless DON McGREGOR as the erudite Editor of several of Marvel's block-busting black-and-white magazines. Archie will be controlling the direction of such various and sundry items as PLANET OF THE APES, DEADLY HANDS OF KUNG FU, VAMPIRE TALES, and others. He may even turn out a comics script or two, if he can find a few spare minutes between his editorial chores and his scripting duties on the syndicated SECRET AGENT CORRIGAN newspaper strip. Don't worry about the whereabouts of Dauntless Don, by the way. Mr. McGregor is still very much with us, turning out scripts for the Black Panther in JUNGLE ACTION, Killraven in AMAZING ADVENTURES, and his newest acquisition, LUKE CAGE, POWER MAN, a mag begun, just a few years back, by Artful Archie himself! (There's a note of *irony* in there somewhere, but don't ask *us* what it is!) In the meanwhile, welcome back, Arch—it's good to have you aboard!

ITEM! Pardon us for blushing, but the nominations for the 1974 SHAZAM AWARDS have just been announced by the ACADEMY OF COMIC BOOK ARTS, and mighty Marvel walked away with so many of the various categories that it's almost embarrassing. Just take a gander for yourself—and you'll see what we mean! Best Penciller, Humor Division: DAN DeCARLO, FRANK ROBERGE, MARIE SEVERIN, and GEORGE WILDMAN. Best Inker, Humor Division: RUDY LAPICK, RALPH REESE FRANK ROBERGE, MARIE SEVERIN, and GEORGE WILDMAN. Best Writer, Humor Division: NICK CUTI, STEVE GERBER, JOE GILL, and STEVE SKEATES. Best Penciller, Dramatic Division: JOHN BUSCEMA GENE COLAN, and BERNI WRIGHTSON. Best Inker, Dramatic Division: FRANK GIACOIA, DICK GIORDANO, TOM PALMER, and JOE SINNOTT. Best Writer, Dramatic Division: STEVE GERBER, ARCHIE GOODWIN, and ROY THOMAS. (Seems the Bullpen vertually *swept* the dramatic catagories, don't it?) Best Letterer: JOHN COSTANZA, ANNETTE KAWECKI, GASPAR SALADINO, and ARTIE SIMEK. Best Colorist: MARIE SEVERIN, GLYNIS WEIN, and TATJANA WOOD. Superior Achievement by an Individual: BARRY SMITH, ROY THOMAS, and JIM STARLIN. Best Continuing Feature: CONAN THE BARBARIAN, TOMB OF DRACULA, and MAN-THING. Best Individual Story, "Gotterdammerung," "Night of the Stalker," and "Red Nails," Best Individual Short Story: "Burma Sky," "Cathedral Perilous," and "Jenifer." Best Humor Story: "The Boob Rube Story," "The ECCHorcist," "Kaspar the Dead Baby," and "Police Gory Story." (Sounds like the contents page from an issue of CRAZY magazine!) Outstanding New Talent: PAUL GULACY, AL MILGROM, ANNETTE KAWECKI and CRAIG RUSSELL. Hall of fame: JACK KIRBY, ALEX TOTH, and WALLY WOOD. We'll give you a complete rundown of the wistful winners in just a few months, so keep watchin', hear?

ITEM! A tip of the slightly-battered Marvel bowler to the members of the prestigious PITTSBURGH COMIX CLUB for the rousing reception they gave Powerhouse PAUL GULACY and Guest of Honor, Lively LEN WEIN, at the first annual PITTCON, held the home of the Super Bowl Steelers just a few weeks past. The interest, enthusiasm, and gracious hospitality shown Len and Paul by Blushing BEN PONDEXTER and the rest of the gang will not soon be forgotten. Muchas Gracias, Pittsburgh—and keep those homefires burning!

ITEM! We've got just about enough room left to tell you we've got no more room left for this go-round! See ya in thirty!

AND PAY YOU WILL!
IN BLOOD!
I'M NOT INTERESTED, LEECH!
POK!
UNNHHH!
GO CHEW ON YOUR OWN NECK!
YOO HOO, BOYS!
UP HERE!
WHAT--?
NOT AGAIN!
BUT OF COURSE, MR. STROUD!
AGAIN AND AGAIN AND AGAIN!
BUT I GROW SO WEARY OF YOUR TIRESOME ANTICS!
AND IF EVERYONE IN YOUR DIMENSION ACTS LIKE YOU TWO--
--I SEE NO PROSPECTS FOR AMUSEMENT IN ALLOWING MY CONTINUUM TO MERGE WITH YOURS!
I'VE GOT ONE BULLET LEFT, YOU BLINKING BABOON!
AND EVEN IF IT DOESN'T DO A BLASTED THING--
--IT'S YOURS ANYWAY, HELLEYES, WITH LOVE FROM SIMON STROUD!
WHY SO BELLIGERENT, MR. STROUD?
DON'T YOU WISH TO GO HOME?
POW!

THE LIVING VAMPIRE FINDS HIMSELF FACING, HIMSELF... MIRRORED IN THE PUPIL OF AN EYE IN HELLEYE'S HAND!
THE SOUL SAID TO FIND THE ONE EYE THAT WOULD KILL HELL-EYES, AND TO PLUNGE THROUGH IT TO HIS DEATH!
BUT DID IT MEAN THE ONE EYE?--OR THE ONE "I"?
TO PLUNGE INTO MYSELF TO FIND HELLEYE'S DEATH??? OR MY OWN?
PERHAPS! PERHAPS!!!
THERE IS NO MORE TIME FOR QUESTIONS!
MICHAEL MORBIUS DIVES, JAWS SLAVERING, AT THE REFLECTION ON THE EYE OF HIMSELF.
HIS FANGS TEAR THE EYE'S MEMBRANE...
...AND THE EYE EXPLODES, FLOODING HE AND STROUD ONCE MORE IN CRIMSON LIQUID...
HEY! WE'RE SWIMMING AGAIN!
...AND THEY FLOAT, TOSSED AND BUFFETED ABOUT IN A PLASMOID TIDE...
...UNTIL IT ENDS WHERE IT BEGAN...
WE'RE BACK!
I FOUND THE "I" THAT FREED US FROM HELLEYE'S DIMENSION!
AND THE DOOR'S GONE-- SEALED OVER!
LOOKS LIKE YOU GOT US HOME, LEECH!
BUT I'M NO CLOSER TO SOLVING THE VAMPIRE MURDERS THAN I WAS BEFORE!
CLOSER THAN YOU THINK, SIMON STROUD. FOR EVEN AS YOU SPEAK THE SHADOWS ABOUT YOU BEGIN TO MOVE IN UPON YOU, MASKING UNNATURALLY LONG CANINES AND THE STARING EYES OF...
the CREATURES of MASON MANSION!